

The Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

X—WHOLE No. 445.

LISHED BY SAMUEL COATE ATKINSON, No. 112 CHESTNUT STREET, BETWEEN THIRD & FOURTH STREETS, AND DIRECTLY OPPOSITE TO THE POST-OFFICE—^W COUNTING-ROOM ON HUDSON'S ALLEY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

By a Mother to her only Daughter.
My last vestige fills my soul
Contemplation's lone train,
Begins for thee with me, roll
 thy future years with pain;

But the joys of this earth cannot last,
All pleasure's succeeded by pain;
I saw them, but soon were they past;
May I never behold them again!

All these pour at once on my heart;

I rejoice e'en to think I am there;

But anxiety levels her dart,

And the whole is then vanished by care.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

" — say of what she died,

So young, so pensive, and so fair?"

" Of unrescued love she died."

Mine is a simple and an oft-told tale. There are few who have not wept over the blasted hopes and untimely death of a friend. Some have felt the anguish of disappointed affection; many have seen its effects upon others; all have heard of hearts broken by unkindness. Alas! that desolation should so often be upon us and around us—that disappointment should so often fill its blight over all the sympathies and attachments, the feelings and affections, of youth; casting a shadow over the future, and staining with drop of bitterness the current of our whole existence.

I will plant thee in some wild,
over too fair for vulgar sight,
neither breath'd, nor lip beguiled,
Nature only sheds her light;

where pure and holy beams
evenly light descend:

victor as mountain streams
rest crystal blend;

leaves through the vale,
smiling o'er a rock;

nature's rugged cliffs prevail,
on the shock.

It be with thee my child,
other world would never,
the deepest desert wild,
a from sorrow sever.

thee future will appear
in the infant dreams,

up every chilish tear,
which hope illusive gleams.

—prospect's ever bright,
—sighs—

from the guileless night,
with years but to destroy;

appointment's withering blast
all upon that lovely breast;

a shadow o'er these east,
rose the true and holy test.

—cannot shield that form,
tempts o'er these bower;

but still meet the storm,
eligion's sounding power;

true and constant friend,
dog bain the wretched fiend;

gen of life to being's end,
her drops upon the mind—

I know source of earthly bliss,
to mortals given,

war them safe to heav'n.

— THERESA.

FATIGUES IN A COLLEGE.
glades of still midnight are here,
stools of my studies are o'er,
soft pictures are dear,
my proufice of her store.

that revolves in my mind,
that she paints to my view,
I late left behind,
all sh, pictured too true!

bold call of science was heard,
that said call to obey,
I received on her bld,
was, her life waving away.

my departure was here,
bade her my lat, and farewll,
wept with sorrow and fear,
tears of soft tenderness fell.

moment of parting was o'er,
me, and bade me adieu;

stared direct to the shore,
wept unwilling withdraw.

from her presence I said,

dear, gentle reader, to know

of a dash soon prevall,

and from a letter my woe.

er's permitted to roan,

shear her shadow occur;

seems to welcome me home,

pl said e'en to think it is her.

thought oft occurs to my mind,

deep sorrow my heart,

and each as unknd,

now contrites its part.

mind cannot memory quell,

eternizes fond o'er my breast,

in fair fancy t dwl,

of soft quiet and rest—

how eagerly flies;

luck her passage again;

every step to wheresoever,

set and dear natal flame.

and how frugal are they

to support me pride;

and I cannot lat say,

you have fair truth here denid.

Sin and with anguish I see

absence of labour and care;

or it, unplied by me,

or it the labour they bear.

blue shades of twilight descend,

have set on the shore,

same torn the strong falter bend

softly gliding bark o'er his oar.

could stern reason prevail;

could mild fancy delay;

want to mount the pure pale,

the gross body away.

blains of fair Quoit I rive,

she 'cross the wide ocean fly,

she 'midst the spheres of the sky.

object of nature could please;

and my existence began;

all her beauties at ease,

the rudeness of man.

in the sweet breath of morn,

valley, plain and valley I've stray'd;

one of the far sounding horn,

bird warl's soft through the shade.

arealities Detr

constantly on

the lowest manufac-

tured

relics will be

left

the joys of this earth cannot last,
All pleasure's succeeded by pain;
I saw them, but soon were they past;
May I never behold them again!

All these pour at once on my heart;

I rejoice e'en to think I am there;

But anxiety levels her dart,

And the whole is then vanished by care.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

" — say of what she died,

So young, so pensive, and so fair?"

" Of unrescued love she died."

Mine is a simple and an oft-told tale. There are few who have not wept over the blasted hopes and untimely death of a friend. Some have felt the anguish of disappointed affection; many have seen its effects upon others; all have heard of hearts broken by unkindness. Alas! that desolation should so often be upon us and around us—that disappointment should so often fill its blight over all the sympathies and attachments, the feelings and affections, of youth; casting a shadow over the future, and staining with drop of bitterness the current of our whole existence.

While at — College I became acquainted with Henry Fitzgerald. Nature had done much for him. His appearance was noble, and every feature was stamped with the expression of intellect. Of surpassing talents, generous disposition, high and chivalrous feelings, he was universally admired, and by all who knew him, looked upon as one of the gifted among men. But there were shades in his character. He lacked steadiness of purpose, and perseverance in his undertakings. This was obvious in all his actions. No one object could long attract or detain him. So soon as the charm of novelty was gone, he became fatigued or disgusted, and instantly commenced some new pursuit. Nothing was ever finished. His attention was never directed to any science sufficiently long to comprehend and acquire it in its extent, and his talents presented to the eye of an observer a medley of half-read books, incomplete essays, and unfinished drawings. He would visit some one friend for a short period almost exclusively, and then, through mere whims and fickleness, drop all intercourse; and he had, at one time or other, been in almost every lady of his acquaintance.

Among the many who attracted his notice, and elicited his admiration, was Gertrude —. She was fatherless, and resided with her widowed mother near the house in which Fitzgerald lived. Her features were beautiful, and early affliction, with her habits of seclusion and contemplation, had cast over them an expression of sadness and thoughtfulness more pleasing than the glow of mirth and gaiety. She was possessed of deep and fervid feeling, which, though hidden like lightning in a summer cloud, yet, like it, would often break forth in its sudden and beautiful flashings. At such times, when her eye was eloquent with sensibility, and every word spoke the ardor and excitement of her mind, she appeared like one of the fairy beings who sit before us in slumber, and people the scenes which fancy then creates. Her heart was full of gentleness and affection, and from the expression which her life had been stamped thereon—“—others were very sympathetic and kind;”

she was a being of too much sensitiveness and enthusiasm to be fitted for the cold manners and rough realities of life. I would rather be possessed of a heart like her's, with all its depth and tenderness, and devotedness of affection, than be master of wealth or power. She was such an one as I would have chosen if

“The desert were my dwelling place,

With one fair spirit for my minister.”

Before she became acquainted with Fitzgerald, her days had glided on in quite tranquillity. At first they met not seldom. Soon, however, occasional intercourse was converted into intimacy, and they conceived an attachment for each other. Fitzgerald admired, and thought he loved her. Under the influence of such sentiments, he requested and obtained permission to visit her as a suitor. She loved him with the fervor and exclusiveness which only a woman can feel;—that affection which remains through life, unshaken and unchanged—

“Through end through torments, through glory

and shame.”

Before she became acquainted with Fitzgerald, her days had glided on in quite tranquillity. At first they met not seldom. Soon, however, occasional intercourse was converted into intimacy, and they conceived an attachment for each other. Fitzgerald admired, and thought he loved her. Under the influence of such sentiments, he requested and obtained permission to visit her as a suitor. She loved him with the fervor and exclusiveness which only a woman can feel;—that affection which remains through life, unshaken and unchanged—

“Through end through torments, through glory

and shame.”

With that faithfulness which time cannot destroy or unkindness lessen—with love pure and burning, whose light lives long as memory exists, and is extinguished only by death.” All her treasured thoughts and feelings were bestowed upon him; and judging of his attachment by the depth and sincerity of her own affection, she never dreamed of change or disappointment.

Soon after the commencement of his attention to her, Fitzgerald moved to another village for the purpose of prosecuting his professional studies. Still they met frequently, and corresponded regularly. Soon, however, through the natural fickle ness of his disposition, he began to tire of his situation, and wish himself freed from the engagement. His visits became less frequent and his deportment colder. Still, however, a sense of honour and a dread of incurring the charge of inconstancy, with a regard for the feelings of Gertrude—the strength of whose attachment he could not fail to perceive, induced him to continue his attentions and conceal his real sentiments. The change in his feelings could not, however, remain hidden from her observation.

“Henry, dear Henry,” exclaimed she, as they were seated together and alone, “you are not as you have been. Your manner is so cold, so changed; I know you do not love me as you once did. Tell me, is it not so?” and she burst into tears. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and as he gazed on her in the softness and silence of the hour, and saw the paleness of her cheek and the anguish of her soul, his feelings restored all their original tenderness. He begged her not to think him capable of trifling with her—that having sought her affections he would not now desert her, and assuring her of the sincerity and constancy of his attachment, soon succeeded in dispelling her doubts and quieting her suspicions. She believed his professions, and, in the ardor and devotedness of her love, the enthusiastic girl forgot all her misgivings and anxieties, and looked forward to the future with hope and confidence.

When absent from her, however, Fitzgerald's feelings soon relapsed into indifference, and after recovering from a severe and protracted illness, during the continuance of which he had not seen her, the prospect of renewing his attentions was so disagreeable that he wrote to her, stating, in general terms, that circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary that the engagement should be dissolved. He imagined that time and absence had produced such an effect upon her feelings that a separation could be productive only of transient mortification and momentary regret. But alas! he knew little of the nature of her love. Her heart, though fond and proud, and she strove to forget him. But

she had the joys of this earth unavailing. She had bestowed upon her whole soul. In all the high prospects and sanguine expectations in which she had indulged, his image had been seen. He had become, as it were, a part of her being—had been interwoven with all her thoughts and feelings, and in breaking asunder the chords which had united them, her heart too was broken.—Fancy had veiled the future in lightness and beauty, but disappointment had breathed over the scene like the frost-bright upon spring flowers, and all was desolation! It was in vain that she called to her aid, her pride, her reason. The iron had entered her soul, and day after day her frame was wasted and her strength consumed. The agitation of her feelings brought on a rapid decline, and she was fast sinking into the grave. Her cheek was still red, but instead of the bloom of health it was the hectic of disease—the glow of a summer sky when the sun is fast setting and darkness drawing on! So rapid was the decay of her frame that Fitzgerald did not hear of it till death was already hovering over her couch. He instantly hurried to the place of her abode and rushed into the house. Her mother met him as he approached the sick room. She fixed her eyes upon him with an expression of sorrowful reproach, but he headed, he saw it not. He passed into the apartment of the dying girl, and there lay Gertrude. But how changed! Life was fast ebbbing away. As he rushed to where she lay, she cast on him a look—not of resentment or reprobation—but a look of affection—deep, unutterable, unquenchable affection. It was her last!

She who had stood at the grave of buried love, or wept over the coffin of a parent, or partner, or friend, and felt the harrowing recollection of unkindness or neglect to those whose light and life are now lost in the darkness of death, judge of the agony of his soul at that moment. Remorse haunts the murderer, even the victim of his wrath was the object of his hatred—how could he whose kindness had killed her who loved him! MOYREN.

From the Casket.

THE GLOUCESTER FOX HUNTING CLUB.

Before we enter upon our proposed historic sketch of this very respectable association, we shall, for the information of such of our readers as perhaps have not had an opportunity of acquiring any accurate knowledge of the Fox, give the following brief outline of his natural history:

The fox is ranked by physiologists with the canine species—but, unlike the dog, under whose character he is thus classed, he is not described as the friend, but the enemy of man—he is, we are bound to enquire into his history, to understand his habits, his manners, and his instincts—to learn to circumvent his maneuvers, to detect his wiles, and, in short, to destroy him in every way.

He is the most remarkable animal in the canine tribe, and is distinguished by his great size, his powerful frame, and his remarkable agility. He is a most voracious animal, and is known to subsist on the flesh of deer, boar, and other large quadrupeds, and also on small birds, insects, and other small animals.

He is a most fierce and savage animal, and is known to attack and kill even the largest animals, and to defend itself against them with非凡的勇猛。He is a most fierce and savage animal, and is known to attack and kill even the largest animals, and to defend itself against them with非凡的勇猛。

He is a most fierce and savage animal, and is known to attack and kill even the largest animals, and to defend itself against them with非凡的勇猛。

He is a most fierce and savage animal, and is known to attack

the houses, the limbs of the trees, &c. & spray, were literally adorned; whose transparent lustre, heightened by the rays, shone resplendent in all the splendor of the rainbow, and called forth exclamations of delight from every Thus, even winter has its beauties,

— each blade of grass plucked then seems wrought in glass.”

deration of the previous season ought

to be duly appreciated as a great favour

upon all, and produced correspondent

and grateful devotion. But, alas! we

are told that, when offered sherbet, some of

them preferred champagne. The Sultan, how-

ever, is, in his turn, to give a party, at which he

is to judge by the demeanour of his European

guests how far their customs and habits may be

admitted without endangering the morality of his

subjects.”

The following anecdote illustrative of the

kind feelings which the king still entertains to

wards his former associate, Brummell, will be

read with interest. The appointment to a Com-

mittee of the London Fashions, filled by Brum-

mill at the earnest intercession of Lord F.

His Lordship, with his usual good nature, on hearing

of the vacancy, represented to his illustrious

master that Brummell much regretted certain

errors and indiscretions of early days, which had

given offence, when he was in the enjoyment of

utmost favour. The King, after some deliberation, said, “Well but the situation is not more than three or four hundred a year, and her, perhaps, will not accept it.” Lord F. replied, that such addition to Brummell’s income would be of

great import. “Well then,” said His Maj-

esty, “tell the Duke of Wellington, Brummell is an old friend of mine, and I wish him to have it.” — Court Journal.

The following is a description of a favorite performer on the London Boxes.

The elephant, we have said, was the chief per-

former, and it will therefore be necessary, as in the case

of other new actors, to give some account of her person,

and the manner in which she executed her part.

She is about twenty years of age, of a dark complexion,

and has a most commanding presence.

The extraordinary performances occasioned by

the journey of the King of Naples, rendered

additional taxes necessary, which created general discontent, which was increased by the

severity of the season, and dearth of flour and

corn. It was supposed that Admiral Heyden

had been invited to anchor his fleet in the harbour of Naples during the winter, partly for the

purpose of overawing the popular murmurs. It

was said his Sicilian Majesty had demanded

another million of ducats; the former million

sent to Spain in advance, having scarcely sufficed

to pay the expenses of his progress.

A letter from Smyrna, Dec. 19, says the insur-

rection in some of the towns adjacent, has been

quelled by cutting off a few heads.

The Augsburg Gazette of December 18, an-

nounces the passage through Vienna of an Eng-

lish Courier to Constantinople, bearing despatch-

es to Mr. Gordon, giving the definitive act of

the Conference in London, on the affairs of

Greece. They declare, definitively, the uncondi-

tional independence of Greece.

Don Miguel has sent a ship load of his disaf-

fected subjects into exile in Africa; and has

since imprisoned a great number more, at the

moment when they were embarking for voluntary

exile to the island of Tercera.

A letter from Madrid says, “Our new Queen

employs her utmost efforts to accommodate

herself to the usages of Spain, and expresses

great delight in witnessing bull-baitings.” She

must be an interesting woman.

LISBON, Dec. 12.—The unfortunate persons

condemned to be exiled to the Portuguese colo-

nies in Africa, for their political opinions, have

been sent off within a few days in several ves-

sels. The eagerness displayed in hastening the

departure of so great a number at the same time

has given rise to the apprehension of its being

intended to make fresh arrests. The arrival in

the Tagus of the Perols, the only vessel that

maintained the blockade of Tercera, having left

the approach to that island open, many of our

constitutionalists formed the idea of proceeding

thither, and with such design they freighted a

vessel for St. Michael’s. This vessel did in fact

sail from the Tagus, and was steering north-

ward, where it was to take on board the fugitives

who were concealed in the environs of

Cascais; but they had been denounced, and were

seized at the moment of embarkation. They have

been brought to Lisbon and committed to prison.

It is remarked with surprise that the captain of

the vessel was not among the persons arrested.

It is said that a fresh misunderstanding, more

violent than ever, has broken out between Don

Miguel and his mother.

STRANGE RELATIONSHIP OF FERDINAND AND THE VII.—Ferdinand VII., when Prince of the Asturias, married the daughter of the then King of Naples, and sister of the present King; while the latter married about the same time the sister of Ferdinand. They thus became doubly brothers-in-law, and Ferdinand became his own brother-in-law.

CHRISTENINGS AND BURIALS.—There were

received at London, during the year ending

Dec. 15, 1829—Males, 13,674; females, 13,354;

in all, 27,028. Buried—Males, 12,015; females,

11,569; in all, 23,523.

A new bank is to be established in Glasgow,

with a nominal capital of 2,000,000.

The French papers contain a report that the

French Government made proposals to the Pa-

cha of Egypt to assist in subduing the Regency

of Algiers, with the intermediate line of coast,

but that the Pacha refused.

TWENTY ARAB BOATS HAVE ARRIVED AT THE CENTRAL SCHOOLS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.

They were sent over by the Pacha of Egypt,

and are to be educated in the English language

and trained as schoolmasters for opening schools

in Egypt.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

IRELAND.—Two brothers named Doyle, had

their tongues cut out by a party of monsters, in

the West of the county of Clare.

EARL MULGRAVE’S ALUM MANUFACTORY.

done which have been too long

left in the hands of the agents, &c.

THE IRISH SYSTEM OUGHT TO BE ABOLISHED

AS IT IS.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

MANY THINGS.

done which have been too long

left in the hands of the agents, &c.

THE IRISH SYSTEM OUGHT TO BE ABOLISHED

AS IT IS.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

that the plague had made its appearance there.

THE VINTAGE OF 1829.

Letters from Adriano, of the 20th Nov., state

</div

